



"Nuff."

This is the dog that Willie had—
The wisest pup in town;
Could "go and fetch" and sit up
straight,
Roll over and lie down!

This little dog was once a pet.
The pride of Jound Bill;
He ate up half the pigs in town.



And bossed the pack at will!

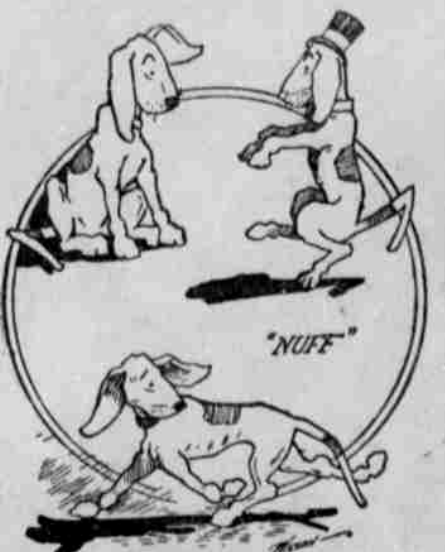
This fighting dog was not afraid
Of any living cur;
He had the biggest boneyard hid,
Was "IT," you may infer!

But one day came a thomas-cat
And tackled Willie's pup;
The tom-cat yowled and lashed his tail,
And humped his back right up!

Then, conscious "Nuff" he charged Sir
Tom,
Full at the tiger's head—
The next thing hopping Willie knew
His spotted dog was dead!

That wily feline yelled "Ke-splitt!"
And landed with his claws;
He hit below the belt in ire,
With no regard for laws!

Then little Willie shrieked and sobbed—



"THE WISEST PURP IN TOWN."
Of tears he wept a stack,
For fighting "Nuff" was all in strings
And ripped right up the back!

The butcher man he came in haste
And gathered up the scraps.
Soon little Bill Bologna bought—
"Was 'Nuff' he ate—perhaps!"

Buster's Telegraphic System.

Buster Browning was whistling joyously when he started down to the corner grocery to get some nails with which to build a dog-house. Alas! When he returned he was weeping copiously. While gazing with open mouthed wonder at the majestic lion on the circus bill-board, walking at the same time, he had stubbed his big, right toe. An ugly spike was the offender and Buster's maimed pedal extremity pleaded in mute eloquence for mothers' surgery.

And, to cap the chaotic climax, Buster's father forbade him sleeping in a barn the night before the circus.

"I won't never-get-up-in-time," he blubbered, "and I'll miss all the fun-an'-boo-hoo-boo-hoo!" and Buster opened the floodgates of grief and let the deluge roll!

But Buster Browning was no quitter. He resolved to see that circus come in if it was 3 o'clock in the morning. For the consummation of his resolve, he called on Jimmie Stone that afternoon and Jimmie promised!

The night before the great pageant was to arrive, Buster retired early ostensibly a resigned sacrifice to paternal pyres—only he wasn't.

When Buster had undressed he went cautiously to the window and pulled something. That something was a fish-line. When Buster tumbled into bed there was attached to his big toe, the sore one to make sure he would feel the signal, three hundred feet of fish line, the other end of which was across the alley in Hubbard's barn where the boys were arguing over "Why is a kangaroo?"

When the first toot of the oncoming train reached their ears in the gray mist of dawn, Jimmie Stone was to pull the string and awaken Buster.

But how could Hubbard's family cow know anything about "the best laid schemes o' mice and men?" Out snooping in the midnight air he accidentally ran against and became entangled in Buster's fish-line telegraphic system.

This is why the entire neighborhood was awakened in the still hour of night by a series of shrieks that made howling Rome a mere phonographic imitation.

When the fish-line broke Buster's toe was not quite off, but he was hopelessly snagged against the window sill where he had landed at the first frightened lunge of the family bovine.

P. S.—Buster's father took him to the circus after all. "It will help him in his natural history class," said Mr. Browning, "and, besides, he has certainly and conclusively proven that he is not able to care for himself with this circus mania in the air."

RAISED A JIMSON WEED.

Mean Practical Joke Played on Lover of Flowers.

Practical joking flourishes to such an extent in the vicinity of Poolesville, Montgomery county, Md., that residents of that section of the country on constantly on the lookout for some joke to be played on them.

It happened some time ago that a number of the residents of Poolesville became interested in what was said to be the seed of a new kind of plant. Among those who received samples of the seed was a woman who was unsuccessful in its propagation.

Despite all her care, the seed failed to come up. She was telling of her bad luck to a mixed company, when one of the jokers said he had met with success in growing the seed and would be pleased to give the lady one of the plants he had raised. The lady was delighted at the offer, and expressed her thanks accordingly.

In due time she received a small plant, supposed to have sprouted from the seed which she had tried in vain to propagate. The plant was handled by her very carefully, placed under glass and treated as a pet.

It grew and flourished beyond her fondest expectations, and when it had reached its maturity she found she had nurtured a specimen of the James-town, or Jimson, weed, which the joker had palmed off on her.—Baltimore Sun.

An Autumn Joy.



These are the days when the tired man
Will carry round his gun,
That weighs about a ton,
And call it fun
To wade through knee deep muck,
Beneath a broiling sun,
And then just miss his duck.

Pope's Odd Timepiece.

An ancient clock in the form of a planisphere, dating from 1725, is one of the most interesting gifts of the late pope's vast collection.

It was presented to the wife of Philip II of Spain by the mathematician Barardo Facini, who constructed it. The planisphere gives the hours and the minutes according to the Spanish and Italian style, the length of days and nights according to the seasons, the daily position of the sun according to the signs of the Zodiac, the solar and lunar eclipses, the real seasons and the seasons according to astronomy.

Notwithstanding the enormous advance in mechanics since its construction, the movement of the wheels is entirely unknown. When once it broke down no one was found able to repair it.—New York Herald.

"That Line of Sport."

"I hereby challenge any man in town for a clam-eating contest to decide which is the fastest clam-eater in town. I will make a side bet that I can eat fifty clams quicker than any man in that line of sport. Saturday night I ate two dozen clams in one minute. Challenges to George Kohlmann, 729 Second street."—Baltimore Sun.

"opsy Turvy."



A severe Scotchman who can easily be made to smile by turning him upside down.

Caught Immense Turtle.

A turtle, which is declared to be the biggest of its kind ever seen, was caught some time ago on the New Jersey coast. Its weight is 1,087 pounds. The length of its shell is 10 feet 3 inches, while its width is 6 feet 7 inches. A dozen men can stand on its back with comfort.

Queer Form of Potato.

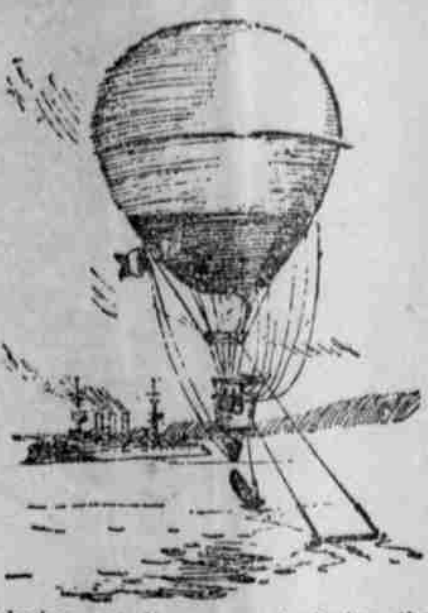
H. E. Faneuf of White River Junction, Vt., recently exhibited a potato which resembled a human hand with a thumb and three fingers, the latter being closed.

EASILY CROSSED THE CHANNEL.

Balloonist's Successful Trip From France to England.

Though Count De la Vaulx's balloon trip from Paris to Hull was the first made from the French capital to interior England it was the seventh successful attempt to cross the English Channel from the Continent to England, though Col. Fred Burnaby is the only person who has crossed by balloon from England to France.

De la Vaulx's test was specially



daring, as it was made during the night, and as he explains himself, was merely an afterthought, as he had no idea of crossing when he left Paris.

Bees Stung Poultry to Death.

A remarkable case of bees stinging poultry to death was recently reported to the Kent (Eng.) Technical Education Authority. Mr. Charles Waghorn, of Paddock Wood, has a small orchard, in the middle of which are many hives. One day he noticed bees worrying six cockerels in a pen. He liberated the birds, but the bees followed and subsequently attacked nearly all the poultry. Two cockerels were stung to death, and several others suffered so badly from stings that they had to be killed. Many of the birds were blinded by the bees, and their heads were speckled and swollen.

Bird's Wonderful Flight.

The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves its northern haunts in North America and taking a course down the Atlantic usually from 400 to 500 miles east of the Bermudas, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of 3,200 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

Australian Dog.



There can be no doubt that the dingo's bite is worse than his bark. He hasn't any bark. That's the kind of a dog he is. No chance for an injunction here.

Must Tie Up Tabbies.

So many rabbits and quail are killed by house cats running loose in the woods that the New Jersey hunters want to have a law passed allowing cats found in the woods to be shot. The present law provides that any person allowing a dog to run wild shall pay a fine of \$20. Cats are said to be more destructive of game than dogs, foxes, minks or hawks.

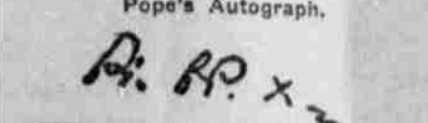
The Unkind Searchlight.

An amusing incident happened recently one night while a battleship was trying her electric searchlight in a Maine harbor. A citizen was about going to bed when the searchlight chance to be thrown upon his window just as he, in his nightrobe, was taking his nightcap from a long-necked vial.

Traffic on Electric Roads.

The electric roads of the United States carried last year, three times the population of the earth. They also maintained 333 rural parks, nearly one for every day in the year.

Pope's Autograph.



This is the authentic signature of the recently chosen head of the Roman Catholic church.

Large Yield From One Seed.

The harvest from one single squash seed which William J. Bodwell of Augusta, Me., planted last spring aggregated 97 pounds' weight. There were seven in number, ranging in weight from eight to seventeen pounds.



The four girls were dressed very prettily and were in a whirl of excitement, for they were attending the horse races at a country fair and the darling of all their hearts, Philip, had entered his horse and would drive the animal himself. "I just can't look," said one. "I'm so excited I can hear my heart beat. What if Philip didn't win!"

"Girls, I'd just cry my eyes out," declared another. "Oh, look at that horse! He can't win with all that rigging on. What does he have that iron brace over his head for? Looks for all the world as if he had spinal trouble."

"S-s-s-h," warned all the other girls. "They're off!" shouted some one in the crowd, and the girls stood up with a rush.

"Oh, look, look!" said the girl in brown, "Philip's just beating 'em. Oh, that nasty old horse is trying to get ahead. Go it, Philip! Go it!"

The girl in green clapped her hand over her friend's mouth. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. The idea of yelling like a tough!"

"Don't care," snapped the girl in brown. "Everybody else is yelling."

"Whoopie!" shrieked the girl wearing a red golf jacket. "Philip has won, he's won. I just knew he would. You see 13 was his number, and 13 always was a lucky number with him. He was born on the 13th."

"Don't see as that was a particularly lucky event," growled a cross-natured man sitting near the bunch of girls.

Soon Philip came on the stand and the girls flocked around him with squeals of delight. He looked sheepish and delighted by turns. "That's only one heat," he warned. "Maybe I won't win any more."

"What's a heat?" they asked, and he explained that a heat was part of a race.

Soon the second heat came. "Now," declared the girl in pink, "this is the second race in this heat, and then we'll know whether he's won or not."

The girl in the red jacket spoke very gravely. "I believe this is only a brush. They have brushes sometimes. I've read about 'em and the man that was in at the death was 'it' or something."

"You're thinking of a fox hunt," said the girl in green, contemptuously.

"No, I'm not," snapped the girl in the golf jacket. "I guess I know the difference between a horse race and a hunt. You act as if you thought I didn't know anything. Just because you've had one more year of study than I you think you know everything."

"I wish they'd shut up making such a noise," said the girl in green. "Now, just let me tell you that a brush is in a hunt. Whoever heard of a brush on the turf?"

"Turf, indeed," retorted the girl in the golf jacket. "You must be a landscape gardener. Now, I know what a brush is."

A benevolent-looking man spoke very gently to the girls. "Excuse me, ladies, I think I can clear this matter up for you. A brush is a lively argument between two young women, neither of whom knows exactly what she's talking about. A heat is the point at which these two young women arrive just before they dissolve in tears."

"Hurrah, hurrah," yelled the crowd. The girls were all glaring straight ahead of them. "Wonder what they are screaming at," muttered the girl in brown.

"This is the end of the final heat and Philip has won the race," said the benevolent-looking man.

"And we didn't see him do it," gasped all four of the girls.

Old Poem by Whittier

The first poem of Whittier's ever printed was "The Exile's Departure," which appeared in Garrison's Free Press June 8, 1826. The next was "The Deity," published June 22 of the same year, and both these are collected. The third, "The Emerald Isle," appeared in the Free Press Aug. 3, 1826, and was never collected. Whittier was 18 years old when these lines were written, and had not yet the advantage of the academy, nor of any library except that of the "wise old doctor" whom he mentions in "Snow-Bound." Dr. Elias Wold. The unfamiliar poem is printed in the Independent for October.

Brightly figure thy shores upon history's pages,
Where names dear to fame and to science long known,
Like unsetting stars through the lapse of long ages,
From the sea-girdled isle of Hibernia have shone;
Fair island! thy vales are embathed in the story
Which history telleth of ages gone by,
When Ossian's proud heroes strode onward to glory,
And ocean's wave answered their loud
The wild vine is creeping—the shamrock is closing
Its foliage o'er many a dimly seen pile—
Where entombed on the fields of their fame
The proud, peerless chiefs of the Emerald Isle.

And in far later years, with the purest devotion,
To the high cause of freedom full many a son
Of the green shores of Erin, the Gem of the Ocean,
Fair evergreen laurels of glory has won.
The martyred O'Neil and the gallant Fitzgerald
On the bright list of glory forever shall stand,
And fame circle Emmet, the eloquent herald,
Who awakened the spirit and pride of his land.
They are gone! they are gone! but their memories that linger
On the shores where they perish, no wretch shall revile,
No slave of a tyrant shall dare point the finger
Of scorn at those sons of the Emerald Isle.
Hibernia! though tyrants may seek to degrade thee,
Yet proud sons of science acknowledge their birth
On thy sea-girdled shores, whose high genius has made thee
The Gem of the Ocean, the wonder of earth.
Long, long, has the halo of glory surrounded
The memory of Brian, the pride of thy shore;
And o'er thy dim lakes and wide valleys have sounded
The heart-touching strains of Corolan and Moore;
O, soon may the banners of freedom wave o'er thee,
Green island of Erin! may Liberty's smile
To the lustre of primitive ages restore thee,
The Gem of the Ocean—the Emerald Isle!

Conceit of the Somali

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the natives of Somaliland is their unbounded, preposterous conceit. Englishmen who know their language have been appalled by it. When watering his camel or his horse the Somali encourages the animal to drink by chanting to it in a monotone. It is at such moments of extemporary effusion that the man shines in all his glory. The subject matter may be the experiences of the day's march, the virtues of the animal beside him, the charms of his latest wife or his own prowess in some bloodless tribal raid. By great good fortune the following literal translation of one of these chants or songs came into my possession, and I insert it without any comment:

"Will you see a man? Then behold me! I am a Somali, as perfect in size

and form as Adam was after God had breathed into him his immortal soul. Look how beautiful my curly hair is, and how majestic I look when wrapped from head to foot in my snow-white or jungle-colored robe, although there be sometimes only one pie (a small piece of money) tied to it. My house is the desert, and I am born a free man. Free as the wind! I know neither king nor master, I am as Adam was, my own master and king. In the jungle I tend my camels and sheep; my only labor is to watch them feed. In my kerrier, my wife, my dear slave, does all the manual work, while tending my offspring, and woe to her if she forgets to prepare my evening meal. The jedal (whip) shall then have its turn to make her remember for next day. In such a state is any man happier than I?"—Golden Penny.

The Garden of Forgiveness.

There is a garden, far, oh, far away,
Kept for the souls who sinned and suffered most,
The sword of God forever guards the way,
And round its borders camps a heavenly host.

A gentle wind breathes through the tufted grass,
Rich with the scent of roses in their bloom;
And, with the wind, all sins and sorrows pass,
Leaving a sweet contentment to their room.

Here are no troubles; here are none that weep;
Here comes no thoughts of sadness or despair;
But falset flowers, in fullest beauty,

sleep;
And softest sunlight fills the dreaming air.

The murmurings of fountains low and sweet,
Forever fill the ear and never cease,
Soothing the silence with a gentle beat,
Like kindly voices, speaking words of peace.

And here, forever and forever, rest
The weary souls, unburdened of their sin;
And cursed things are here forgiven and blessed;
And wicked hearts are made all clean within.

—Bertrand Shadwell, in Chicago Post.

Oh, liberty, what a lot of divorces are applied for in thy name!